

Horse And Cart

Stone, Angus and Julia

The moon has blocked the sun
That I haven't seen for days
It walks the street as the chimneys burn
I'll drink some beer as to find my way

My way home, my way home
My way home, my way home

The streets were made for horse and cart
They talk to mine behind close doors
Stood in the rain to feel the part
This maze I stand of concrete walls

My way home, my way home
My way home, my way home

Suspicious corpse without a face
The screen light's a hidden dim
This black hawk can't find its place
Through the night we swim

My way home, my way home
My way home, my way home

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